MANANA SERA OTRO DIA. "Salgamos oy
De pesares, y desdichas,
De disgustos, y tisonjas.
De agravios, y de caricias,
Pensando que hemos de hacer
Manana." CALDERON-

As hour by hour and day by day
Our years glide silently away,
Unheeded as a midnight chime—
Drops from the water-clock of Time—
The present in our power lies;
But 'tis the future charms our eyes!
By Fortane blest, through want forlorn,
Alike we cry, "Await the dawn;
'Twill bring a sky more bright, more clear;
Manana sera otro Dia!'

Doubtless the yet imperfect gram Dreams of the ripening sun and rain; Doubtless the closely-folded flower Looks forward to the natal hour, When all its glorious leaves, unfurled, Shall waft its fragrance to the world. New joys the nesting bird foretells From the blind motions in the shells—More closely sits, and thinks, "For mo The dawn will set my nestlings free." The dawn will set my nestlings free."
The snake, through winter cold and pale, Dreams of the spring's effulgent scale;
The prisoned insect, closely hid Within the gloomy chrysalid,
In fancy sees its plumage shine,
And thinks, 'How bright a fate is mine!'
And when the balmy morning breeze
Thrills through the depths of Indian seas,
The cloistered pearls, in rapturous tone,
Cry, 'Fate reserves for us a throne!'

We, too, through each dark watch of night
Expectant wait the morning's light,
And from Aurora's glowing hair
Hope added joy or lightened care!
In midday beams, in evening shades,
The rosy vision pales and fades.
Yet still, with hopes renewed, we wage
War 'gainst the chills of night and age,
And still with sauguine fancy sing,
'The dawn another day will bring?

So let it be! Till life shall cease,
And kindly Nature give release
From carking cares and angry broils,
And feverish ineflectual toils!
Then, as friends mark the laboring breath,
And wipe away the damps of death;
Then, on the world's last downward slope,
Let us still grasp the skirts of Hope,
And murmur, 'Dry that needless tear;
Manana sera otro dia!'

LINA'S BETROTHED.

So you would have me gayer, my little wifelighter of heart; more like a true Rhinelander; and
a Rhinelander, moreover, on his wedding-tour!
Well, I think that by and by I shall be so; and,
after all, it is only an oeasional cloud you have to
complain of; for I am not the ungrateful wretch
who could be gloomy, except by moments, under
the light of your blue eyes. And then, to-day, I
have great news—yes, Mariechen, great news! It
is a long story, but I will ask your leave to tell it
you, for it will be an excuse for the sadness which
you take amiss—these passing shadows; and it will
answer your questions: 'Why must we give a week
of our honeymoon to Hamburg! Why put off the
longed for sight of the wild salt sea!'
I must go back to my soldiering days, my darling,
for the beginning of it all. A few days after the
pattle of Sarrebrucken a letter reached me, and
even before I saw the writing, I felt sure I knew
from whom it came, though that was the very first
line I had ever had from her. (You need not take
your little hand away, mein susses Weib; and you
need never be jealous of my past! It was not two
months before that very day that I had seen you, a
inttle girl then—'backlisch,' as we rudely say—
playing with our baby brother; and I said, as you
know, to your mother, 'If ever I marry, it is you
know, to your mother, 'If ever I marry, it is you
see it was I, not she, who was right! A few days
later I was called out to join the regiment
again, and the war with France was declared.
Now, if you will give me back the little hand, I
will go on with my story. There!)

Ard the letter: it had a border of widow's mourning, and it was not addressed to me, Franz Weber,
but 'To the Comrade of the Herr Lieutenant von
see it was I, not she, who was right! A few days
later I was called out to join the regiment
again, and the war with France was declared.
Now, if you will give me back the little hand, I
will go on with my story. There!)

Ard the letter: it had a border of widow's mourning, and it was not addressed to me, F

with me for her f

Ah, Mariechen! I cannot tell you now the words
of that sorrowful letter, but I have it somewhere,

no send her some comforting words in her bereavement. Was there not, she asked, some message left with me for her?

Ah, Mariechen! I. cannot tell you now the words of that sorrowful letter, but I have it somewhere, treasured through all these years, and I must show it you one day. How it wrung my heart! From time to time, when I could spare a few minutes. I set down whatever I thought might most interest her, without too much harrowing her feelings. I told her briefly of the confidences with which he had honored me, and how very often he had spoken of her; but I dared not dwell much on the tender expressions he had used. Her sorrow was too fresh to hind anything but an aggravation in the thought of his devotion toward herself. I promised some day, if I lived, to come to her, and speak of many things of which I could not write. I was able to say that he died an instantaneous death—shot through that noble heart of his—and not before he knew that the day was ours. To my regret, I could send her nothing that had belonged to him. Everything of his had been removed directly after he was officially returned amongst the killed; but, with great relief to my own tellings, I told her how I loved him; how well I knew his fine, pellucidly-clear character: how brave a soldier he had already shown himself; how the men admired and loved him; what a generous, unseliah, cheery comrade he had ever been to me; and much more. He had I northest me with no message; he was too sanguine for the company of the regiment? Entering into his merry mode, told him that the thunder of the artillery void, told him that the thunder of the artillery void, and him as did the regiment? Entering into his merry mode to told him that the thunder of the artillery void, told him that the thunder of the artillery void, and him as did him the summest of the prediction of the clements, and that him as did him the summest of the per land the second of the control of the clements, and that him as did him the summest of tenders, the had a morbid horor of some

beauty is to be your joy. She is lovely. I hatcher; but you will adore her?

You don't know, liebes Kind, how he said these trifies. He had an airy grace of manner not at all I fentonic, and a quite feutonic heartiness, that made his lightest word entirely charming to me. Then, he had the body of a young athlete, and a something of the Grecian demigod in his face. A man of the people like myself, who has had to work his way up laboriously from amongst the common narroundings of the less favored classes, with inherited disadvantages of unpliant mind and somewhat angainly body—What! my dear wife will not have it that it is so! Well, well; I will only say that, when a toiling professor-lieutenant has for his commade a youth like Yon Donnersmarck, he is apt to ourn furiously conservative; to put his faith in blood; and to feel servilely disposed toward the pristocracy in general, because one particular nember of it exhibits every quality we are used to

despatched when another missive in deepest mournferanz Weber, but to the officer formerly billeted
with the Herr Lieutenant Von Donnesmarck, and its
startled me by being an almost exact reproduction
of Lina's lettet. The signature stood 'Julie Muller,
and Hamburg was at the top of the page. A request for tidings of will list sourned sites the
ference of the page of the page of the
more survey of the page of the page of the
grown sourners and the page of the page of the
writer. She entreated me to pardon her for troubhing me, saying that, as the adlanced bride of the
writer. She entreated me to pardon her for troubhing me, saying that, as the adlanced bride of the
writer. She entreated me to pardon her for troubhing me, saying that, as the adlanced bride of the
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writer. She entreated in the state of the
writer. She entreated in the state of the
writer and the state of the writer of the
writer. I at once precised that Julie's was rather sentimental: she indulged in some rather theatrical expressions of prict; still it was a reinfed and touchthat since he had left Hamburg, ten months before,
to go to his father's country house near Cologue,
she had not heard from him; but that this was by
her own desire; and that the silence was to have
been broken in two months' time by his claiming the
full mental state of the state of the two
many, so that I doubted for a moment as to the
identity of her betrothed; but then, in one place
she rightly wrote of him as 'Henrich'; and again,
the allusion to the Schloss Donnersmark is borne by
many, so that I doubted for a moment as to the
identity of her betrothed; but then, in one place
she rightly wrote of him as 'Henrich'; and again,
the allusion to the Schloss Donnersmark is bornemarked the passenge of the
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tion.

'Von Lahnstein, was it not?' replied the captain.
'No, no,' said one of the subalterns; 'that Von Lahnstein was his uncle.'

I knew my comrade had no uncle of that name, so I accepted this piece of information with thankfulness, until another officer said,
'You mistake: Von Lahnstein was Von Gierstein's uncle. The other man had a name beginning with S—or stay, was it not W V

Do what I would, I could not ask them if it were

Sor stay, was it not W?

Do what I would, I could not ask them if it were not Von Donnersmarck. I reflected: They were at a loss for a name; they would accept Von Donnersmarck if I suggested it, because they were seeking for one. I should thus only add one unreliable circumstance to the case against my friend, and I should not be able to help its torturing me even while I recognized its unreliableness.

It was days before I made up my mind how to answer Fraulein Muller's letter, and days again clapsed before I had leisure for writing. When at last I found time, I used it to pen a letter of somewhat the same kind as that which I had sent to Lina Hillebrand. She might not be an impostor, I admitted; and, in any case, it could do no harm to tell her briefly how he died, and to give her tidings of his life in camp and in the field. Of messages there were none, I told her; and his effects had all been sent long ago to Schloss Donnersmarck. I added that he was loved and admired by all who knew him; and I expressed a hope of presenting myself to her some day to answer any further questions she might like to ask. I saw a chance, in this possible interview, of clearing up the mystery; and after the war was over, and when I had recovered from my bad fever, I came, at great inconvenience, to Hamburg, but only to be disappointed. Fraulein Muller and the Herr Doctor were absent on their annual Swiss tour. The doctor had a huge 'Klinik.' Local rumor had it that he was unrivalled in his treatment of the insane. These things did not concern me, I thought, and I left the place, deeply chagrined at the fruitlessness of my journey. The Mullers might still be away three weeks, the porter said; but I must be back at my work in three days

Well, my Mariechen, can you forgive me for being somewhat sombre at times? Can you realize that the doubt on my friend's fair fame lay like a weight at my heart! I believe it would have 'don'.

three weeks, the porter said; but I must be back at my work in three days

Well, my Mariechen, can yon forgive me for being somewhat sombre at times? Can yon realize that the doubt on my friend's fair fame lay like a weight at my heart? I believe it would have done so to this day, even if my interest in the matter had begin and ended in my anxiety to clear his good name; but I had now a new motive to stimulate my loyalty to his dear memory. I had met Lina Hillebrand during my convaiescence; we had spoken long and often of Von Donnersmarck, and it seemed to me that I loved him better than ever now that I found him again in her heart. She had heard of the supposed existence of a prior engagement; our sympathy in a common loss and a common object of admiring love had made us fast friends, and she had asked me to make such inquiries as would enable us to refute what she regarded from the first, and always, as a calumny.

She once asked ne if Heinrich had ever mentioned a Fraulein von Muller, or Muller—Julie?

I answered, 'Never?' and naturally I did not allude to the Hamburg letter which had reached me in camp. She then spoke of 'what some wicked eople had said, adding, 'Will you help me?'

She seemed already very ill, and I was alarmed at the possible consequences of the agitation that this conversation produced in her; but she was determined to speak. She had already decided that, when I was quite recovered, I was to go to Hamburg and try to see this Julie; and so I did, fruitlessly, as I said just now. Had Lina, who simply seemed to be pining herself into her grave, asked me, by a gesture of those wan hands of hers, or a look of those burning bright deep set eyes, to go to the Antipodes for her, I think at any cost I must at least have tried to do her bidding. As soon as I was lit for work, I resumed my duties in the college; and the moment that I could decently ask for leave of absence, I applied for four days to make a journey on business to Hamburg. How sailly disappointed Lina was when I returned from my boo

little the matter with her chest; it is but a something on the nerves. I tell her father and I will give her anything she likes. Could you not fancy something, my child? And you must come here very often, Herr Weber, I don't think she cares more for anything than she does for seeing you. We shall go to the South for the winter, you know, she and I. Her father must stay here, he cannot be away from the counting-house for long; but Cologne is not good for delicate people in winter, and she always said she would go to thay for her first long journey; did you not. Lana?

I knew by the whitening lips and the slight tremor that the silent Lina recalled to mind then that her wedding-tour had once been talked of as this 'first long journey?'

Lina was young, and youth is tenacious of life. The baimy South worked her some good. Had she not been so luxuriously brought up, or rather, had she been obliged to turn to that blessed healer, Work, all would have been well; but in idleness, and with her unhappy mother always by her, with her eternal, often unconscious, references to the past, it is not surprising that her recovery was but partial. Her father was certainly purse-prond and somewhat vulgar, but he was neither frivolous nor stupid like the poor mother; and his daughter found pleasure in his society when he was not too deeply engaged in business to allow of his presence at home. How it happened that, with her parents and her surroundings, Lina grew up refined and charming, passes my comprehension. Certain it is, she was a girl iit to be the wife of the most perfect of gentlemen, of Von Donnersmarck. Even his fastidious relatives agreed that it was so. She is noble by nature's letters-patent.

Lina had come to be quite unable to bear general society. Her parents, some members of Von Donnersmarck's family who haid her rate visits in consideration of the past engagen ut, and myself, formed her little world. She dressed as a widow. Her mourning and her bad health were accepted by her former acquaintances, first, as a rea

still
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The met with an accident in a thunderstorm,' said
t the
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yeen
ith,
pro'Yardon me,' I put in. 'Heinrich von Donners,
marck was even absurdly cautious about storms,
ith,
pro'You mistake, Herr Weber,' the doctor affirmed
seident. Some stone from a building which was
in the street beneath. No one saw exactly what
happened. . To a non-professional man like
suffice it to say that, when here, his mental condition was such that he lived through his month or
six weeks of treatment somewhat as one in a long
somnambulic sleep. He could act and think, but
retained hardly any remembrance of his acts and
thoughts. That he should, after an interval, completely forget this place and the persons in it was
no more than I expected He left here accompanied
by one of my trained attendants, and the treatment
was continued according to my instructions after
his return to the Graf von Donnersmarck's. For
obvious reasons, it was desirable that he should return to sanity gradually in his father's house

Table of the met with an accident in a thunderstorm,' said

Thos do I dream

(Sometimes of a summer day,
When the wind blows fresh from the bill,
Cleausing our souls from thoughts.
What my love should be,
What my love should be,
If God would fashion her form for me.
Gracious and stately, yet withal
Most gentle-minded, slow to please,
And not profuse of washed by the mountain stream)

If God would fashion her form for me.
Gracious and stately, yet withal
Most gentle-minded, slow to please,
If God would fashion her form for me.
Gracious and stately, yet withal
Most gentle-minded, slow to please,
If God would fashion her form for me.
Gracious and stately, yet withal
Most gentle-minded, slow to please,
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Most gentle-minded, slow to please,
If God would fashion her form for me.
Gracious and stately, yet withal
Most gentle-minded, slow to please,
If God would fashion her form for me.
Gracious and stately, yet withal
Most gentle-minded, slow by one of my trained attendants, and the treatment was continued according to my instructions after his return to the Graf von Donnersmarck's. For obvious reasens, it was desirable that he should return to sanity gradually in his father's house, rather than here. It was better that he should return no feeling of ever having been an inmate of such an establishment as mine; and all was so arranged that he was quite unaware of having for a time been mentally deranged. The treatment resulted in complete recovery. Unknown to me, my daughter had formed a strong attachment for my patient. She, not knowing the peculiar nature of his dementia—mental infirmity—in a freak of school-girlish romance, bound him to a year's entire secrecy as to their engagement and forbade him to write to her or come here. (He had, doubtless, the very faintest recollection of any of us at the end of a month.) She thought their acquaintance had perhaps been too short for the formation of a deep attachment on his part, and she devised this means of testing the strength of his attachment. Many people here guessed exactly how matters stood; unfortunately, I knew nothing at the time. Superficially, there was little except extreme forgetfulness, and a certain eccentricity—which my poor girl mistook for genius—distinction of manner, or what not, to mark the unsound state of his mind. To show you, he continued in his measured tone, 'how completely his memory was a blank as regards his stay here and the events of that time, I may mention that, on the morning of the day Von Donnersmarck was killed, my nephew, then out with the Landwehr, met him and accosted him. My former patient said, "I have not the advantage of knowing the Herr Leulenant, though it seems to me I have seen his face before." My nephew exclaimed, "Why, yes, Von Donnersmarck, at Hamburg, of course, last November," "Hamburg?" he said two or three times; adding, "I never had the advantage of being there." Then my nephew named me, and also 'ny daughter; but Von Donnersmarck at most seemed

anticipations of the case.'

How my heart rose as he spoke! The doctor's story cleared Heinrich's memory from reproach; it furnished me with good tidings for Lina; and it even accounted for two of his oddities—his dread of thunder and his dark dream-lady. The doctor continual:

'I trouble you with all these details to justify my 'I trouble vou with all these details to justify my course in requesting you not to seek an interview with my daughter. We never told her that he had forgotten her a few months after he left here. She knew of his death. Further knowledge would, we judged, only embitter her sorrow. I fear you could hardly confer with her about Von Dennersmarck without involuntarily betraying a part of what we have kept from her so long; and, if you merely revive old memories at this juncture, it may bring about various vexations results besides the pain of reopened wounds. Of this I have said semething already. By the way, the nephew of whom I spoke is my assistant. He is here, and can speak in support of certain points—' and he moved, as if he would call his nephew.

'Pray, sir, don't think,' I said, 'that your word needs testimony to support it?' Such welcome

would call his nephew.

'Pray, sir, don't think,' I said, 'that your word needs testimony to support it?' Such welcome news must be Heaven's truth, I felt.

The door opened, and the quiet figure, draped in black, was before us. Julie's sad low voice begged that her father would come at once to speak with some one who was asking for him with insistence. She bowed, bending on me a long steady look, something like her father's, but deep and dreamy where his is clear and scrutinizing, and passed out of the room. Hers is a sorrowful face; but, to those who knew Heinrich, her devotion and Lina's and mine must seem the most natural thing in the world; and to you, mein Leibling, who never saw him, perhaps our faithful love for him will be more eloquent in his praise than any words I could find, if I tried for fine phrases forever.

The moment for my departure had come. I wrung the doctor's hand; thanked him for his confidences with a warmth that must have puzzled him if he observed it; and left the honse to telegraph at once to Lina. I merely said, 'I am now in a position to clear Heinrich's memory from reproach.' It was impossible to wait till a letter should convey this intelligence to her. I also carefully set down all the details of my visit to the 'Klinik,' and posted them to Lina before I returned to you, mein liebes Kind. My head is full of the dear comrade—of the poor Lina! Bear with me. I can think of nothing else. Of one thing you will be glad: we need not now give a whole week of our honeymoon to 'dull Hamburg,' as you call it. We can go seaward without further delay. Lina will answer my letter to Heligoland; and my Mariechen's longing to see the ocean will be gratified a few days earlier than I thought for.

You would have me describe Lina, would you?

How shall I tell you of her? In ronbillets, Heinrich would take out her miniature, and show it me. It was lovely and the miniature, and show it me. It was lovely hair hanging over the picture had a tender mouth; blue eyes, like yours; shoulders, and an every hair hanging over the shoulders, and an every hair hanging over the shoulders, and an every the miniature was not then an an intelligence. But when I saw Liu ha breneft, she was already broken by sorrow and sickness; there; and she was very the miniature was not strike me as a perfectly lovely girl. The life and strike me as a perfectly lovely girl and the lovely lovel Certain it is, she was a girl iit to be the wife of the most petfect of gentlemen, of Von Donersmarck. Even his fastidious relatives agreed that it was so. Lina had come to be quite unable to bear general society. Her parents, some members of Von Donersmarck. Lina had come to be quite unable to bear general society. Her parents, some members of Von Donersmarck was of irisin origin. His family included the property of the prope

But above all most true,
And rather over-trustful than inclined
To see the evil sooner than the good
In each man's mind:
Setting "Thus should I" higher than "I w
Nor ever restless for things new.
And for her bearing, I would have her tall
And lissom as young shoots in May
That rise and fall,
Marking the cadence of the breeze
Rather than bending to his sway:
With eyes like summer seas
Mocking the blue above,
Within whose infinite azure deeps
A golden secret sleeps—
Whose holy calm hath never yet revealed
To day or night
The worlds of treasure that do lie concealed
Beneath their crystal sheen,
But wait the coming of the light—
The coming of the light of love—
So would I have my queen.
Her voice should be silver sweet,
Pure as the chime of a holy bell;
And my heart should beat
And answer its sound again,
As twin lutes throb to a single strain.
Therein should dwell
The music of my life, now and to be;
The noblest thoughts God ever gave to me
Should be set to its exquisite melody.
This is my dream of a midsummer hour,
Begot
By the fairy power

Begot
By the fairy power
Of a few fond rhymes that my heart holds dear;
And I turn and tremble her step to hear,
Yet she cometh not.

HOW ANDREW JACKSON FELT ABOUT HIS NOMINATION.

Bishop Paine in The Nashville Christian Advocate.

Upon one occasion I called at the Hermitage, and soon perceived there was trouble there—Mrs. Jackson was in tears, and the General unusually silent and sad. Privately the cause soon leaked out. A committee of the Tennessee Legislature, then sitting in Murfreesboro, had just left the Hermitage; they had come to inform the General that the Legislature would nominate him for President of the United States unless he should forbid it. Mrs. Jackson was exceedingly distressed. She loved home and retirement, and had no taste or ambition to be gratified clsewhere; but her greatest objection was

son was exceedingly distressed. She loved home and returement, and had no taste or ambition to be gratified elsewhere; but her greatest objection was that she feared the political strife incident to the nomination would divert the attention of her husband from the subject of religion, and imperil his salvation.

He, too, shared in these feelings, saying: "I have been looking forward to a release from public office and and its cares, thinking I would then attend in earnest to my religious affairs, and I dread the excitement likely to spring up if my friends persist. I do not covet more honors; my country has honored me enough, and I prefer quiet; but having said that no one should seek the office, nor any patriot reject it when called to it, I can only say I could not refuse it if tendered." These were substantially his words, and I believe they expressed his real sentiments. I sympathized with Mrs Jackson, feeling more anxious for his salvation than his election to the Presidency of the United States.

THE FIRST PARLIAMENT IN AMERICA (1619).

The "reporte of the manner of proceedings" of this Assembly was sent to England by John Pory, the Secretary and Speaker, a familiar name in the history of Virginia, to Sir Dudley Carleton, at that time English Ambassador at The Hague, to whose energy and marvellous powers of letter-writing and news-gathering we are indebted for many historical details which, but for him, would have been lost to us.

us.

This document is now preserved among the Colonial State Papers in H. M. Public Record Office. It comprises thirty pages, and may be abstracted as follows:

comprises thirty pages, and may be abstracted as follows:

A reporte of the manner of proceedings in the Genera Assembly, convented at James City in Virginia, July 30-1619, consisting of the Governor, the Counseil of Estate and two Burgesses elected out of eache Incorporation and plantation, and being dissolved the 4th of August next ensuing.

First Sir George Yeardiey, Knight, Governor and Captains General of Virginia, having sente his sumons all over the country, as well as to invite those of the Counsell of Estate that were absente as also for the clection of Burgesses, there were chosen and appeared—[Here follow the names of the Burgesses.]

It will be seen that the Assembly consisted of twenty-two Burgesses who were elected to represent three cities, three hundreds, four Plantations, and one "Gift," and they met in the Cheir of the Church.

omal garaceology.

For and the most meson dissolved the saine.

CHARTY JEANIE CHETTE.

She has been perfect materies of hereit and from the even of the world, that I empose not many the was a training storting. It was not meady the was a straining storting. It was not meady the was a straining storting. It was not meady the was a straining storting. It was not meady the was a straining storting. It was not meady the was a straining storting to the was not meady the was a straining to stort the world with the most place of the world have been seen and the stort the world was not meady the was a straining to the world was not meady the was a straining to the was not meady the was a straining to the was not meady the was a straining to the world was not meady the was not a strain of the straining to the world was not meady the was not a strain of the straining to the straining

hands with matters above them. A chronic distrust of the people pervades the book-colucated class of the North; they shrink from that free speech which is God's normal school for educating men, throwing upon them the grave responsibility of deciding great questions, and so lifting them to a higher level of intellectual and moral life. Trust the people—the wise and the ignorant, the good and the bad—with the gravest questions, and in the end you educate the race; while you secure, not perfect institutions, not necessarily good ones, but the best institutions possible while human nature is the basis and the only material to build with. Men are educated and the state uplifted by allowing all—every one—to broach all their mistakes and advocate all their errors. The community that will not protect its humblest, most ignorant, and most hated member in the free utterance of his opinions, no matter how faise or hateful, is only a gang of slaves!

Anacharsis went into the Archon's Court at Athens, heard a case argued by the great men of that city, and saw the vote by five hundred men. Walking in the streets, some one asked him, "What do you think of Athenian liberty?" "I think," said he, "wise men argue cases, and fools decide them." Just what that timed scholar, two thousand years ago, said in the streets of Athens, that which calls itself scholarship here says to day of popular agitation,—that it lets wise men argue questions and fools decide them. But that Athens where fools decided the gravest questions of policy and of right and wrong, where property you had gathered wearily to-day might be wrung from you by the eapriee of the mob to-morrow,—that very Athens probably secured the greatest amount of human happiness and nobleness of its era; invented art, and sounded for us the depths of philosophy. God lent to it the largest intellects, and it flashes to-day the torch that gilds yet the mountain peaks of the Old World: while Egypt, the bunker conservative of antiquity, where nobody dared to differ from the pricest or

omb it inhabited, and the intelle-rained for us digs to-day those asb-that buried and forgotten hunkerism

"COUNTRY CONVERSATIONS,"

"COUNTRY CONVERSATIONS."

Prom The London Athenaum.

A privately-printed little book, "Country Conversations," has fallen in our way. It is full of humor of the drollest and raciest kind. The lady who edits it explains in a short preface that her sister, "living for nearly fifty years in a country home, had cultivated habits of the most friendly intimacy with her neighbors," She had an excellent memory, and wrote down, almost word for word, the more notable conversations she held with the farmers and farmers wives in the cheese-farming parts of Cheshire. The absolute accuracy of these records is vouched for, and they are certainly excessively amusing. One or two of the characters are regular Mrs. Poysers, not, perhaps, perfectly developed; but Mrs. Poyser was, no doubt, just a little idealized.

Mrs. Harland and her family are a delightful group. "Mary," says her mother, "is a very good, prudent grl. She says to me one day, as she was breaking the card, 'Mother, I will never let loose my affections on no man till I have proven him to be pious and in good circumstances." But Mary has many admirers. "Sixteen or seventeen letters you've tarned back, isn't. it? asks Mrs. Harland, "I can't say for certain. Fil tell you, Miss G., how I serve them. I wish to show them every respect, so I get a right-down good envelope, not one of them filmsy things, and I put the genuleuant's letter's in it, with a small bit of paper wrapped round it, with these words: "Mary Harland is much obliged, but she is engaged." I used to put 'but she is too young before I was turned twenty-one; but one of them wrote again twice, and then i was forced to explain my sentiments." At last a certain Robert Thornton seems to interest her; but then he wasn't nious, and until he was the would have nothing to say to him. However, he did his best, "and went on writing the beautifullest of letters, mentioning his soil pretty often," and at a class meeting he declared himself "on the Journal of the paper of the proper of the proper of the proper of the p

THE "YELLOW RUSSIANS,"

Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. Tyrreit, in The London Daily News.
The use of the epithet "yellow," as applied to the
Russians by the friends of your correspondent at
Morv, is not confined to them, but is common to all
the nations of Western and Central Asia. Mussulman writers designate the Russians by the title of
"Beni ul Asfar," "Sons of Yellowness." Byron had
no doubt heard this epithet used by the Turks when
he wrote the lines in Childe Harold":

Dark Muchtar, his son, to the Danube has sped;
Let the yellow-haired Giaours view his horse-tails with
dread!

The appellation appears to be one of very long

Dark Muchtar, his son, to the Dannile has sped;
Let the yellow-haired Ginours view his horse-tails with
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The appellation appears to be one of very long
standing, too, for the Persian poet Nizami, who
wrote in the thirteenth century of our era, speaks
of "Sandai Hind o Safrai Raus" ("The blackness of India and the yellowness of
Russia"). Orientals always speak of the
Western European nations by the general
appellation of "Farang," or Franks, but they do
not include the Russians among the Farangis. They
call them Roos, which the illiterate have corrupted
into Ooroos. The Osmanilis also call them "Muskoob," "Muscovite;" but I have never heard this
word used by any other Easterns. The English are
reckoned as a Farangi nation. Of course,
Oriental ideas on the subjects of geography
and ethnology are very vague. Their writers
speak of "the seven infidel kingdoras of the
Farang," which has been supposed by some to indicate the seven Electors of the old German Empire;
but is probably a mere general expression, like
others in use among them, such as the seven
theavens, the soven seas, the seven climes, etc.
The epithet "kara" (black) is a very common one among all the Turkish-speaking